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## Manatee at the Matinee

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## **Manatee at the Matinee**

I can't see the screen, can't tell what action  
the music knifes through as the opening  
credits roll. Because of the manatee.

That damned manatee (don't get me wrong: I  
love them!) fills two seats. This is not a film  
for manatees! Why's he even here? That's  
what I don't get. He stares with fresh popcorn  
innocence straight from his seaweed shallows,  
more amazed than anything when the girl  
sheds her tight blouse or concealed guns flash out--  
things that never happened under water  
in his slow-motion world. Turning, he smiles  
to himself in that manatee way. He  
doesn't know that the killing has started.